Charming AMINTAS:

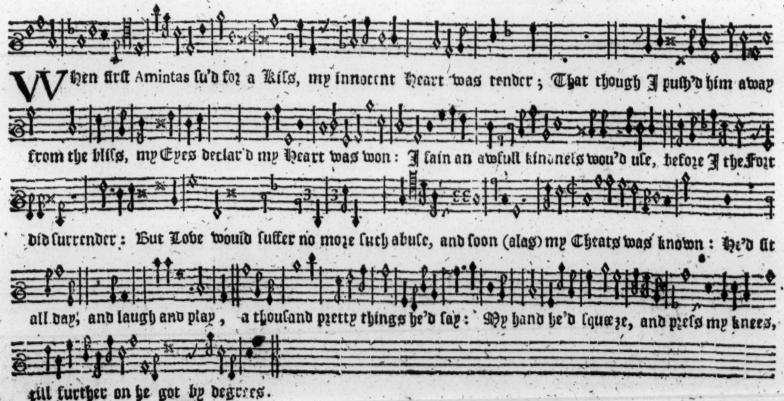
The Tielding VIRGIN.

To a Pleasant New Tune.

This may be Printed.











My heart juft like a Mellel at Sea, Mou'v rols when Amintas was near me; But ah! so cunning a Pilot was he, Through boubes and fears be's fill fail on, I thought in him no danger cou'd be, So wifelp he knew how to steer me, And fon alas! was brought to ag &. To take of Joys befoze unknown: Well might be boaft, his pains not loft, For fon he found the Bolden Toalt; Enjoy othe Dar, and toucht the Moze, Where never Merthant went betoze.

Soft Bluftes always came in my Face, Wilhen iber Amintas dew near me; De told me Roles looke with luch grace, And pritty fair dagies when Summer comes on To yield to his Arms, and like me to be wo De preit me, kilt nie with to much lobe, A could not deny him the Bleffing: That Con I pielded to him alone. so Miolets by the Sun are won, To spread their Leaves and be undone; The beat does warm and fweetly charm, And makes young Maids forger all the harm. Hor flint will break on frather-Beb.

A thouland times that he would be true. Amintas protefted unto me; De then his loft Killes again wou'd renew, So Balniy and Iweet, that I fon was wo With lighs and bows he reis'd fuch a fire, That made my young heart to furrender: And then by his Art he aill blew it up higher, Will Maiden-doubts and fears were gone. Pone could reuft when eber he lift, So genily fort and tweet he kilt, His Head he'd reft upon my Bzealt, And thole Koft tender Billows he be pleft,

The Marbie Cone will melt by degrees, It often foft Dew doth drop on it; Amintas he any Maiden might pleale, Could any realt fuch gentle foft charms, Such bows, such lighs, and such killes? Could any repine at to tweet a Bouths arms: (mobe She fure must pield, og elle be a Djone. We will not lote no time in Rhime, But Cay that Baidens in their prime: Should for their Head take Tom or Ned,

Printed for 19. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in 19re-corner.